

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1914.

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

"God Bless Us Every One!"

THOUSANDS of homes, that otherwise would have known little of the joy of Christmas, are happy to-day because of what has been done by Richmond men and women. The Associated Charities, the Salvation Army, the Community Christmas Tree Committee, the Boy Scouts, the churches and various fraternal and social organizations have been active. They have been the agents, in many cases, of modest help who have been content to remain in the background.

It is a noble and beneficent work, as well to those who give as to those who receive. Even though it endure but a day, its influence lives and lingers. Humanity should be grateful for this season of gladness and helpfulness, when it emerges from its shell and the gross limitations of self.

On behalf of those into whose sordid lives happiness has gone to-day, to all those generous giving and active helpfulness have made that visit possible, the spirit of Christmas speaks the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"

Richmond Gets a Real Present

RICHMOND banks will pay their shareholders at the beginning of next year just \$301,767.50, which is a New Year's present that even in prospect ought to add to the happiness of Christmas Day. Those of us who are not fortunate enough to own any bank stock will derive our comfort from the fact that the dividend is within a few hundred dollars of that paid on or about January 1, 1914, and the further fact that one bank, whose directors have not yet acted, probably will increase the total above the earlier record.

Evidently the depression has had no serious effect on the city's financial institutions. They have earned substantially their accustomed dividend. New institutions have entered the banking field and the allied field occupied by the trust company, and are making a substantial bid for business. Here is enough to make the pessimist ashamed of himself and give the optimist renewed confidence in the city's enduring prosperity.

After the Ladies

UNCLE SAM is a daring old man. Not content with calling on the more fortunate of his subjects for a frank statement under the income tax act, he now demands that Everyman's wife's income be also set forth with equal frankness. Without deducting a cent of any sort, save that actually paid in other taxes, Milady must walk right up and confess.

Milady objects—that is, some of her does (or do) and will continue to object, perhaps. One objection is based on the fact, in non-suffrage States, that this is a sort of direct taxation without direct representation. Another is that no woman likes to tell any man what she has in her handbag. Another, and by far the most earnest objection, is that milady is constitutionally opposed to paying out money unless she can have something wrapped up and delivered for it.

It will be interesting, if possible, to compare the tax dodging of men and women under the income act. Every port of entry seems to have more trouble with women than with men in the matter of smuggling, which is a species of tax dodging. New York springs a new feminine smuggler every now and then, and most of them are ladies of high degree, some of whom have been humiliated and one or two even jailed for the offense. Will these, and other women of wealth, honestly declare their incomes for the accommodation of the old gentleman with the goatee who asks disconcerting questions?

Quien sabe? Far be it from us to predict, for we have never understood women, and make no lofty pretensions.

Meat and Shoes

AFTER a five weeks' tour through the meat-raising States, the statistician of the Department of Agriculture is reported as saying that the drain of cattle caused by the war is so great that meat at 50 cents a pound and shoes at \$10 a pair are among the cheerful possibilities for this country within two years. Statistical gentlemen are not characteristically either sensationalists or alarmists, so it is something more than possible that this prediction is based on fact.

If the price of meat does climb as high as the government official predicts, it is obvious that the diet of the people will undergo a radical change and compulsory vegetarians will be vastly increased in number, a prospect that will bring satisfaction to a few and discontent to the great majority. The charge that Americans eat too much meat is an old one, but the threat that the bulk of the population may soon eat no meat at all is not likely to hearten any but the most

fanatical opponents of flesh food. Vegetarian nations are pretty much decadent nations.

It is true that even before the war broke out we were warned that the propagation of food animals was not keeping pace with our population, but the European conflict must be held chargeable for bringing the crisis so near. If the drain continues, as it shows every sign of doing, it is not impossible that the government would impose so heavy an export tax on meat in all forms that the supply would be kept at home, since our first duty is to feed ourselves. Such action would stretch the two years which the government official has allowed, but it would not afford, any permanent relief. That can only come through an increased production of stock.

Even vegetarians wear shoes made of leather, or think they do, and there is no cult, so far as we know, which claims that sound health is only possible to those who walk unshod. Therefore, the country will be unanimous in regarding with some dread the possibility or probability of paying \$10 for a pair of shoes. We have grown accustomed to cheaper and better shoes than any other country in the world, and, singularly enough, the price of footwear has remained practically stationary, while that of the food products of cattle has been steadily going up.

The Last War Christmas?

THIS is not the first Christmas that has come and gone with God's creatures engaged in bloody war—not the first day of "peace on earth and good will to men" when the hymns of peace were swallowed up in the clash of arms, the triumphant pean of victorious hosts, the wailing of the vanquished and dying, and the will to do good was thwarted by the will to devastate and slay.

This is not the first Christmas to have its sweet promise transformed into a mockery and all its gentle intent become a thing for the doubter's merriment and the cynic's scorn. But it may be the last!

From every capital of the warring powers come expressions of determination to fight to the last gasp of the last man. That will not be done, of course, but every indication is that the struggle will be prolonged, the destruction of treasure incalculable and the destruction of life on a scale unknown and almost undreamed of in any earlier age of the world's history.

When the issue is decided, Europe will be prostrate—the conquerors will have suffered scarce less than the conquered. Surely it is not too much to hope that this dreadful price that has been paid will have been sufficient to indicate the folly of great armaments, the menace of secret diplomacy, the threat, not only to peace, but to real national greatness, that inheres in national jealousies.

Is it folly or weakness to believe that this cruel sacrifice of what is best and noblest in her manhood may bring Europe to her senses? Is it mere sentimentality that inspires the thought that the tears of the widowed and the fatherless—hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of them—will wear away the bloodstained altars of the god of war?

This year of grace nineteen hundred and fourteen will be forever an evil year in the history of the race, unless this dream of dreams comes true. But if the war now so relentlessly waged shall prove to be the last war, or even the last great war, its pitiful victims will not have laid down their lives in vain. They will have performed the greatest service for humanity since He whose birth we acclaim to-day died on the cross for the sins of a wicked world.

Adding to the Horror.

AS IF the ordinary horrors of this extraordinary war were not enough, the British are now telling of an amazing number of men going crazy in the trenches. Living constantly under artillery fire, unable to fight back, and waiting, waiting, waiting day and night for some move that will be a relief from the monotony of constant peril in inaction, their minds simply sink under the strain, and they rave.

Disability without a single mark of lead or steel, shattered nerves, disordered and deranged physical functions, fright to the point of a wild hysteria—all these things are filling the hospitals and sending men home, while out yonder where those in the trenches can do nothing but hope for an order to charge and die, rather than lie still, the dull booming of distant guns goes on and on in brute obedience to the primal instinct.

It's bad enough, at the best it can be made—but with insanity added to everything else, the tragedy of it all passes understanding, baffles belief. Wasn't it Oom Paul Kruger who said that the South African War would "stagger humanity"? Well, that was staggering in its time, with 300,000 Englishmen in close formation fighting Boer guerrillas over the stretching veldt, but these men were fighting—running, riding, stabbing, shooting, acting—and over yonder men are just lying in the trenches, going crazy.

Is humanity yet staggered, or are we becoming accustomed to it?

Credit for the Germans

AMERICA sent a lot of foodstuff to the suffering Belgians. In London the relief commission held a meeting about it. Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the commission, said:

I wish to make clear, with emphasis, that the Germans are not interfering with the distribution of this food. Not one mouthful has gone down a German throat yet, and I don't believe it will.

With all the fears that had been expressed that the Germans would profit chiefly by humanitarian efforts to help the Belgians, that is very gratifying. True, the argument remains that America, by feeding the Belgian refugees, has relieved Germany of that task to an extent, and to that extent Germany is able to reserve its own food supplies for its soldiers. But that Germany has kept hands off the relief supplies and has not even tried to dictate the manner of distribution will satisfy a great many carping critics of a fine act.

Incidentally, when Brand Whitlock comes home some day, his people ought to show that they are proud of him. He is the former newspaper man, splendid Mayor, fine, upstanding minister, who started the Belgian relief movement. He would make a creditable Senator.

Those who did their Christmas shopping early may feel this morning that they have added to the happiness of thousands of store employees. That consideration ought to make their own Christmas a brighter and merrier day.

The Weather Man did his level best to make the day look like the pictures on the Christmas cards.

SONGS AND SAWS

Let's Have a Real One.
Come, let's put every grinch away
And banish all reviling;
Make it an old-time Christmas Day,
With every village smiling.

Let prohibitionists confess
Not every foot's a grafter,
And let rum demagogues suppress
Their shrill satiric laughter.

Let jingoes their fool ravings bar
That Bryan is a traitor,
And friends of peace not call T. R.
"A reckless agitator."

Perhaps the highest limit goes
In this real Christmas weather,
And Democrats, with party foes,
May jubilate together.

Yes, let's put every grinch away
And banish all reviling;
Make it an old-time Christmas Day,
With every village smiling.

Ready for Revenge.
The Hunter (meditating)—
Perhaps I'll not find any other
game to-day, but I'll be sure
to take a shot at the first person
who tries to tell me about
the fun he had at Christmas
times when he was a little
boy and how the holiday has
degenerated steadily ever
since.

Unpardonable.
He—Are you and Miss Tatletot as good
friends as you would have me be?
She—I should say not. I showed her some
of the Christmas presents I had collected, and
she went around telling folks what I intended
to do with them.
He—Well?
She—Those folks have sent me presents not a
bit better than the things I sent them.

Uncle Zach's Philosophy.
Yessuh, dis am a rale Christmas Day. Ah done
been roun' ter see some or meh wife frens, and
dey hab received me wid les de right spirit.
Ah can feel et me oh ole bones now.

The Problem.
Falling, falling,
The beautiful snow;
Chilling, chilling,
Streets here below;
Creeping, heaping,
Drifts in a row—
It's fine, I opine;
But who would know
Is, who will cut through
This beautiful snow?
THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

The humorist of the editorial page of the Petersburg Index-Appeal says: "A New Jersey man who has used tobacco nearly all his life and for many years ran a distillery, will to-day celebrate his 100th birthday. If his habits had been good, he would have been of a long life." The point of that joke would never be discerned by Methuselah, even if he had survived it.

"The Kaiser's forces on land and sea are keeping the German apologists in this country pretty busy," the Bristol Herald-Courier remarks, "and reminds us that recent naval operations make it impossible for the Pacific Ocean to live up to its name."

"A woman prophet in Paris advertises to furnish prophecies of the war and of the fate of the Kaiser for 2 cents," the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot notes, "but overlooks the fact that the seeress is taking long chances on her reputation, which has a commercial value. The Kaiser has been acting as if he doesn't care what becomes of himself."

The Front Royal Sentinel heralds the approach of a distinguished visitor: "It is reported that Windy Jim will spend the winter in the Fork. His brother-in-law, S. R. Winsbury, has a ton of pork laid by for hard times. If the report be true, Mr. Winsbury will not have a pound of it left by the 1st of March." The Fork is waiting for him, but Mr. W. Jim will, of course, be expected to bring his own knife.

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch sets forth that "The milk of human kindness does not freeze at Christmas time," and does not pause to reflect that it may be freely pumped just like the other kind.

Discussing the tax problem, the Newport News Press gives the members of the General Assembly this bit of advice: "The paramount issue, therefore, is uniform assessment; and the way to obtain it is for the Legislature to have every parcel of real estate first listed at its selling price." The way to distinguish between the market value and the owner's selling price will be explained later, of course, to eager inquirers.

"If the hunter will observe the game laws himself and make the game hog obsolete, then there will be no necessity for extraordinary game preservation efforts," the Lynchburg Advance argues. In brief, it is only necessary that the hunter be game.

Current Editorial Comment

A new argument for fractional coinage is possibly to be found in the novel application to taxes of the penny-in-the-slot principle. The emergency tax on telephone messages applied only to calls costing 15 cents or more, and the flat 1-cent tax, which gives a trifling rate on expensive messages, is rather high, over 6 per cent, in the case of the least costly messages. It is probably the general public which has to pay for the most part the higher rate, for the 15-cent call is but a slight extension of the ordinary city or suburban service, and is much used for ordinary affairs where really long distance telephoning is a luxury by no means so freely indulged in. While the slot machine has been accused of tempting the public into waste, and she who does seem to tempt people into using up their loose coppers in buying unnecessary things or gratifying an idle curiosity about their weight, none the less in the long run it is educating them in the value of small coins for which Americans have had a traditional contempt. A tax payable with a despised copper cent is likely to complete that education, and the very people who lighten their pockets at the slot machines may yet be calling for a 1/2-cent piece to lighten the awful burden of taxation.—Springfield Republican.

Chairman Hillis does but his duty when he predicts a sweeping victory for the Republicans in 1916. One of the responsibilities of his position is deciding just when to prophesy. But he ordinary citizen would be likely to live over the time when Republicans in House and Senate were craftily urged by their opponents to say in intelligible language whether revision meant revision or not.

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powers of the Federal Trade Commission, or President Wilson's part in arranging an armistice among the European powers.—New York Evening Post.

There are evidences already that the rate increase will do much to restore the American industry to something approximating its wonted activity. Already Chicago and St. Louis report that large establishments engaged in the manufacture of railway supplies are prepared to augment their forces to take care of orders that are expected to be in hand before the New Year, and information of similar character may be looked for every day from this time on. There is no way to estimate what railroad properties and equipment have suffered during the past year through depreciation, but there is now in prospect much in the way of repair and renewal to be undertaken just as soon as money can be found to pay the cost. Many of the great Eastern lines are expected to restore their old-time service, which forced economy compelled them to curtail, and though it is not probable that there will be full resumption of old schedules until there has been a more general revival of business throughout the country, the status of the railroad employees who have been long idle will soon be at work again.—Houston Post.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 25, 1864.)

With the telegraphic wires all down to the far south, to the southwest and to the west there is no war news to be obtained. The War Department of the Confederate States government may have all kinds of news, but it is not letting it out just at this time. The department may be taking a Christmas holiday. Who knows?

Christmas, the season of merry-making, that used to be ushered in with the firing of peaceful guns, approaches once again, its advent denoted now by the sound of hostile cannon, the reach of three painful years. Instead of coming in accordance with the Divine injunction—the harbinger of "Peace on earth and good will among men"—the day presents war, arrayed against the peaceful and commerce, and across a domain of country greater than all Europe, and two nations of kith and kin at deadly strife, with desolation, subjugation and death arrayed against a people determined to be free. The historic stars hang together on that blisful morn the Lord was born and rolled over a continent. A country at strife and engaged in a struggle for political existence, an existing nation, and physical life, it is not to be expected will give much care or concern to the passing festivities of a holiday, sacred even as those of Christmas.

Battles, the most bloody and sanguinary of any waged within the nineteenth century, have been fought within the year, now hastening to its eventful close. Throughout the Southland the evergreen and cypress that heretofore decked the chance of the Christian church lie faded upon the fields, and the towers that lit the way are wasted in fruitless watches o'er the bier.

Scores of those who, in the high Christmas time of last year, lifted the bumper and drank themselves fallen upon the field, and there is a vacuum in 10,000 hearts and around a thousand hearthstones of the Old Dominion. A cry of orphanage and distress is sounding through the land, and the who saw "Christmas at home" last year will seek in vain for a comfortable subsistence upon this occasion or its unblest return. Yet, notwithstanding the red curtain of war has fallen upon the land, the good people of this goodly land have resolved to celebrate the natal day of the Redeemer with all the religious fervor and Christian philosophy that can be harmoniously blended with temperance.

Queries and Answers

Prolific Writer.
Can you tell me what English writer has published the greatest number of books?
R. E. BARBER.

"Daniel Defoe is considered to have done so. Most of his writings, of the most popular kind, the name 'pamphlet' is generally given, and very many of them contained only a few pages, and took somewhat the place of the present newspaper in the discussion of current events. But reckoning every sheet with its title-page to be a book, Defoe's list is the longest in English literature."

Archer-Ritchie Quarrel.
Please tell me the particulars of the old-time difficulty between W. S. Archer and the Ritchies.
R. Y. R.

Briefly, Senator Archer felt aggrieved by a position in the English, and made an attack on Thomas Ritchie. The younger Ritchie, William F., heard of it, and before seeing his father, assaulted Archer, who challenged him. James H. Pleasants, of great influence with Archer, induced him to withdraw the challenge, on the ground that Ritchie had performed an act of duty which public opinion required at his hands, etc., and the matter was at last dropped.

A Prayer for Peace.
The windrows of uncounted sons,
With stark, unseeing, upturned eyes—
Dread harvest of ten thousand guns,
That rend the tender, shatter the skies;
The crumpled, clotted, shell-torn lands,
Where starving peoples, homeless, hide;
The orphaned children's helpless hands,
Van victims of the nations' pride—
All these, O Lord, to Thy appeal,
Invoke Thy omnipotent aid!
Crushed under War's ensanguined heel,
A world in crimson ruin is laid.

Bid thou the warring millions cease,
Proclaim thyself as prince of peace!
CHARLES HALL DAVIS.
Petersburg, Va., Christmas, 1914.

Kipling on the Alliance.
(The London Times printed several years ago a poem by Rudyard Kipling. It was the most outspoken condemnation of the British-German alliance that had then appeared, and has a special interest at this time. It is called "The Rovers" and is as follows.)

The banked oars fell, an hundred strong,
And backed and thrashed and ground;
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whaleback smoke
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang: "What reckoning do ye keep,
And steer her by what star?
If we came unbidden from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?"

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done;
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now our sacred vow
Ye have made with an open foe."

"That we must lie off a lightless coast
And haul our weary gear
At the will of the breeze that have wronged us
For a year and a year and a year."

"There was never a shame in Christendom
They laid not to our door;
And ye say we must take the winter sea,
And sail with them once more."

"Look south! The gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and lay us down
When we stood forth. But they stood fast,
And prayed to see us down."

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt."

"Neath all the flags of mankind
That use upon the seas,
Where there no other feet to find,
That ye strike hands with these?"

"Of evil times that men could choose
An evil fate to fall,
What brooding judgment let ye loose
To pick the worst of all?"

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas,
Or half the time it is to run
With a cheated crew to longue anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun?"

The Biggest Thing in the World

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From Nashville Tennessean.

BRITISH EMBARGO ON CRUDE RUBBER

The Rubber Club of America, which includes in its membership the leading rubber manufacturers and importers of the United States, has given out the following statement of the serious situation which the American rubber industry faces on account of the British embargo on crude rubber:

A situation of the utmost gravity confronts the American rubber manufacturing industry as a result of the absolute embargo placed by the British government on the exportation of crude rubber from Great Britain and her colonies. Roughly speaking, any means of the cutting off of over 50 per cent of the normal supplies of crude rubber required by the industry in the United States. Unless England consents to at least a partial removal of this embargo at an early date, it will mean many idle men in rubber manufacturing centres, and a substantial increase in the price of all articles manufactured of rubber, from automobile tires to rubber bands.

The reason for Great Britain's drastic action is to be found in her determination to prevent Germany and her allies from obtaining crude rubber from the rubber grown on the great plantations in the British colonies of Ceylon and the Federated Malay States.

The importance of rubber in the present war is evident from the extensive use of automobiles for all kinds of transport, as well as rubber footwear, ground sheets, clothing and balloons.

Germany is willing to pay almost any price to obtain crude rubber, and it is only natural that Great Britain should take every precaution to prevent rubber from reaching her enemies. Nevertheless, it is felt by the American rubber industry that her interests would be thoroughly protected by guarantees against the re-exportation of rubber, which both manufacturers and importers are willing to give. Under the circumstances it seems that Great Britain is placing an unnecessary hardship on rubber manufacturers in this country.

Rubber Treatment as Contraband.

During the early days of October, England began to treat crude rubber as contraband of war, and about the same time placed an embargo on all shipments of rubber from her colonies, but, but English ports. This meant that all direct shipments of rubber from Singapore and Colombo to New York were stopped. But rubber still came on from London as before. On November 13, England began to treat crude rubber as contraband of war, and about the same time placed an embargo on all shipments of rubber from her colonies, but, but English ports. This meant that all direct shipments of rubber from Singapore and Colombo to New York were stopped. But rubber still came on from London as before. On November 13, England began to treat crude rubber as contraband of war, and about the same time placed an embargo on all shipments of rubber from her colonies, but, but English ports. This meant that all direct shipments of rubber from Singapore and Colombo to New York were stopped. 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